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ABSTRACT

Twenty stories relative to American Indian culture are printed as they were prepared by Indian ladies attending a 4-week summer course for the training of teacher aides. Each participant in the workshop, held at Centennial College in Toronto, was asked to record a story from her home reservation so the stories could be shared with others. The intent was that the legends be used in storytelling time in primary grades when the teacher aides returned to their home schools. It is hoped that this approach will encourage parents and teachers to record more of the folklore of their people for the benefit and enjoyment of children everywhere. (DB)

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INDIAN LEGENDS

of Eastern Canada

by

Students
of
Summer Course for
Teacher Assistants

Centennial College
Toronto
1969

RC004143

Education Division
Indian Affairs Branch
1849 Yonge St
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Canada

FOREWORD

During the summer of 1969, a group of Indian ladies from Ontario reserves, and from some sections of Quebec and the Maritimes, gathered in Toronto at Centennial College. There, under the direction of Mrs. M. Warburton, they attended a four-week summer course to prepare them for positions as Teacher Aides in the beginning grades of their home schools.

An important part of the course was under the direction of Mrs. Verna Johnston of the Ojibway band at Cape Croker, Ontario. Her responsibility was to encourage the development of an Indian awareness in the classroom, and to help the students incorporate aspects of their cultural heritage in the beginners' programme. Part of their assignment was to record one of the stories from their home reserves, perhaps one that they had heard as children, and which they could relate, in either the Indian language or English, to the children of the beginners' class.

The stories are recorded here. They range from the Manitoba border eastward to the Maritimes. It is hoped that they will form a happy addition to the story telling time of the primary grades of all our schools. It is also hoped that they will encourage Indian teachers and parents to record more of the stories of their people, for the benefit and enjoyment of children everywhere.

Miss M. Young
Indian Affairs
Toronto

INDIAN LEGENDS

of

Eastern Canada

WHY PORCUPINES HAVE QUILLS

Chippewa

Long ago, when the world was young, porcupines had no quills.

One day when Porcupine was in the woods, Bear came along and wanted to eat him. But Porcupine climbed to the top of a tree and was safe.

The next day when Porcupine was under a hawthorn tree, he noticed how the thorns pricked him. Then he had an idea! He broke off some of the branches from the hawthorn and put them on his back. Then he went into the woods and waited for Bear.

Bear came along, and when he sprang on Porcupine, the little animal just curled himself into a ball. Bear had to go away, for the thorns pricked him very much.

Nanabozho saw what happened. He called Porcupine to him and asked, "How did you know that trick?"

"I am always in danger when Bear comes along," replied Porcupine, "When I saw those thorns, I thought I would use them."

So Nanabozho took some branches from the hawthorn tree and peeled off the bark until they were white. Then he put some clay on the back of the porcupine, stuck the thorns in it, and made it all a part of his skin.

"Now go into the woods," said Nanabozho. Porcupine obeyed and Nanabozho hid himself behind a tree.

Soon Wolf came along. He sprang on Porcupine and then ran away howling. Then Bear came along, but he did not go near Porcupine. He was afraid of those thorns.

And that is why all porcupines have quills today!

Betty Taibossigai - West Bay

THE DOG AND THE SQUIRREL

Ojibway

One hot summer day, the dog was lying in the cool shade of the apple tree. Nearby, the squirrel was busy at work. He ran back and forth from the trees to his home. Each time he made a trip he carried an acorn to store away for the winter.

The dog laughed and said to him, "It is such a hot day, why do you work so hard?"

The squirrel answered, "I am getting ready for winter. I have already built a nice warm nest, and now I am putting food in it."

The dog went back to sleep.

Soon winter came. The wind blew and snow fell. The dog was cold and very hungry. He went to see if the squirrel could spare him some food. But the squirrel had just enough to last him until spring. The dog was very sorry that he had not worked during the summer, and promised that he would build himself a house next time.

After a long, cold, winter, the snow started to melt and the sun shone brighter and longer. But, as the days grew hot again, the dog no longer thought of the winter, and went back to lying under the cool shade of the apple tree.

Celina McGregor - Birch Island

NANABOZHO
Ojibway

Winter passed, the rivers began to flow; the green grass appeared, and so did the flowers. But the Ojibway went about their tasks unmindful of a great danger that threatened them.

For, at this time, two white men and their guide Atatharho, were journeying into the Ojibway country, searching for a treasure of silver they heard was there. As they paddled through Gitche Gumee, the sun shone and the water sparkled. Then they came in sight of Thunderbird Mountain.

Now the Great Spirit had told Nanabozho not to harm the white men, but for a time he forgot. Fearing they would reach his mountain, he brought on a great storm which tossed the craft the three men were in until it was upset in the water. Because he forgot and disobeyed, the Great Spirit cast a spell on Nanabozho, and caused him to fall eternally asleep.

When the storm died away, the Ojibway saw Nanabozho turned to stone, lying upon the cape, his face turned towards the sky, and his arms folded across his chest. He lay so near the little island of silver, it seemed he was trying to guard it, and he guards it yet.

Regina Peltier - Wikwemikong

THE LEGEND OF THE EVENING STAR

Ojibway

One autumn night a little girl was born to an Indian chief and his wife.

That evening, the evening star was shining brighter than usual, so they named her Evening Star.

She was a beautiful baby with big brown eyes and a lot of black hair. As she got older, she became more and more beautiful. She helped her mother with basket weaving and whatever there was for her to do. She always helped her mother with everything.

There was also a baby boy born a few days after Evening Star. His parents named him Flying Sky. It was decided by the parents that these two lovely children would be married when they were old enough.

When they got older, they noticed each other, and liked each other very much.

Flying Sky courted Evening Star for a coüple of years. Then she was a beautiful young lady.

Then Evening Star became very ill. The medicine man didn't know what was wrong, but she became weaker and weaker.

Six months before they were to be married, she left for the Happy Hunting Ground. The night she passed away, the Evening Star did not shine. Flying Sky missed her very much. Every night before he went to bed, he would sit outside looking up to the sky searching for Evening Star.

One night he saw her again and talked to her as if he were talking to his young maiden. The star shone very brightly whenever he talked to it, as though it were happy. When it didn't shine it meant she was sad. But when it shone real bright it meant she was happy up there where she was! So Flying Sky would try to be happy too.

Marena Hill - Oneida

THE ORIOLE
Ojibway

Early one morning a long, long time ago, White Feather heard a little bird outside his wigwam. The little bird was crying and crying. When the sun came up, White Feather heard the little bird say, "I wish that I could have a beautiful dress like you."

The Sun said, "Cheer up, little bird, if you will sing a beautiful song every morning as I come up, I will give you a dress of gold."

The little bird then began to sing a cheery song, As he did, his feathers turned a golden colour.

"Now you must sing every morning or I will have to take your colourful feathers away," warned the sun. And the little bird sang and sang.

Then the sun said, "Tomorrow I will teach you to build a special nest away up in the tree."

Early next morning White Feather went silently out to watch again. As the sun came up he heard the little golden bird singing his cheery song. The sun liked the song very much. He then taught the little bird how to build his nest. The sun knew that White Feather was watching. He said to White Feather, "You must never tell how this little bird has built his nest."

So this is how the oriole got his beautiful feathers and this is why we do not know how he builds his nest.

Margaret Shawnoo
Kettle Point

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE GEESE

Ojibway

Nanabozho lived with his Nokomis in a wigwam in the woods. Nanabozho was much smarter than most boys. He could do wonderful things. He enjoyed teasing other people by loosening fishermen's lines and upsetting women's snares. He was a good swimmer staying under water for a long time.

As Nanabozho was walking through the woods, he noticed some berries reflected in the water. He jumped in and tried to get hold of the berries, but the water just slipped through his hands. Glancing towards the sky, he saw a tree with berries on it and knew he had been trying to catch their reflection. Feeling very foolish he got out of the water and grabbed the real ones.

Still eating the berries, he heard a noise, a swishing of wings. He looked up and saw a flock of geese and he knew the geese would be landing on the waters nearby.

Nanabozho ran as fast as he could. As he reached the lake, the birds were just settling down from their long weary journey.

Nanabozho not only wanted one or two. He wanted the whole flock so he could have a great feast. Making a rope from cedar bark, he dived quietly and tied the geese's feet. Nanabozho was too swift for the geese, for they did not know what was happening.

When Nanabozho came up for breath, he made such a great splash he scared the birds away, forming a "v" shape as they were going up.

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE GEESE (Cont'd)

Nanabozho hung on tight to the rope for he did not want to let the geese go. Going further up, he saw the tips of the tall trees. As soon as he saw a marsh, he let go of the rope and landed in the soft mud. This is why the geese fly in a form of a "v" shape everytime they are back south for the winter, or coming to the north in the spring.

Dorothy Jacobs - Walpole Island

SHENANDOAH, THE ONEIDA

Oneida

The first settler of Whitesboro was one, a Mr. White. He, his wife and little daughter lived in a lonely cabin many miles from any pioneer settlement. There were many Oneida Indians living in the vicinity of Mr. White's home. Mr. White had often smoked a pipe with the Indians and had always acted friendly toward them. Yet, the Oneidas looked on him with suspicion. They did not exactly trust him and wondered at his friendship. They wondered if he was as sincere as he acted , if he really was a friend and good neighbor of the Indian people as he claimed to be. They decided to test his friendship.

Shenandoah, one of the leaders of the Oneidas, went to Mr. White's house. He said, "I have come to ask you to let your little daughter visit my cabin. I want her to know our people. I would like to take her home with me tonight."

The mother of the little girl was frightened. She was about to refuse the request, but the father smiled and said, "Yes, we would like to have our daughter visit you and your family. We are pleased that you have taken an interest in her. Should meet and play with her little Indian neighbors, your children. You may take her home with you."

Mr. White knew that it would have been useless to have refused the invitation. If the Oneidas, who were numerous and brave fighters, wanted to kill them anytime, it would be easy for them to do so. It would be useless to resist. He saw that it might do much good to grant the request as he did. He had acted as a good neighbor to the Indians, and his friendship had been sincere.

The Oneida chief took the little girl by the hand. He said, "Tomorrow, when the sun is high in the heaven, I will bring her back." Together, the little girl and the Indian leader walked down the trail and disappeared in the shadows of the forest.

The poor mother could not sleep that night. Not knowing anything of the true character of the old Indian, she feared the possible fate of her child. She was up early next morning and watched, almost without hope, the trail that led to the Oneida settlement.

Slowly the sun rose above the forest. When it reached the noon mark, the mother heard a happy childish laugh coming from down the trail. She looked and saw her little girl, still holding the hand of Shenandoah, coming from the woods. Her little daughter was all decked out in feathers, beaded moccasins and Indian costume. With a happy cry the mother ran to meet them.

From that day on the Oneidas were their friends and fully repaid the trust that the father had put in them. Chief Shenandoah lived to 110 years old. He and his Oneidas fought on the side of the Americans in the Revolutionary War. Many a lonely settlement was saved by the Oneida Indians and their timely warning.

By Aren Akweks and
Marena Hill

THE GAME BETWEEN BEAR AND EAGLE

Ojibway

A bunch of animals were walking in the woods when one of them suggested a ball game. They all agreed. So the bear called the eagle who was flying up high in the sky, "Let's play ball."

The eagle said, "I'll get the others."

The eagle got the hawk, crow and many other animals. But he left out the squirrel.

When the squirrel heard this he wanted to play too. He went to the bear, who was the captain of the team and said that he too wanted to play. The bear said, "No, go away. You are too small."

So he went away feeling sad. Then he went to the eagle who was the captain of the other side and asked him if he could play with them. The eagle said, "All right, but you must have wings to fly."

The eagle and the hawk got hold of squirrel's hands and legs and stretched him. They told the squirrel to "fly like we do." The squirrel flew around and around, and that is where he got the name Flying Squirrel.

The bat came along and they did the same thing to him. The game started that afternoon. Everybody was excited not knowing who was going to win.

The Bear shouted, "We are going to win." He said that because he was big and strong and so were the others on his team. Eagle's team was small.

The game began and Bat got the ball and climbed on the tree and threw from there. It bounced back to the squirrel and he pushed it to the goal and they scored. The bear was very angry and they had to stop. Eagle's team were very happy that they all shouted "We won the game! We won the game!" They all went different places and never played the ball game again.

Janeosa Quequish - Weagamow Lake

THE LITTLE INDIAN BOY AND THE MOON

Ojibway

Long, long ago there was a little Indian boy by the name of Chaun. He lived in the great, big, forest with his mother and father, in a big brown teepee.

Chaun's father and mother taught him how to hunt, make fire, and other things he needed to know to live in the forest. They also tried to teach him to be good.

But Chaun was a bad boy who liked to tease things. He especially liked to tease the Moon and call it names. Sometimes he took a rope and tried to snare it.

One night, his mother and father sent him to the lake to get a pail of water. The full moon was out that night and, as soon as Chaun saw it he started calling it names.

Chaun's parents waited a long time, but no Chaun came home that night. His parents were worried and went to look for him. All they found was the rope lying where he had last used it.

But when they looked up in the sky, there was Chaun, standing on the moon with his pail. And there you can see him to this day.

Cecelia Sainnawap - Big Trout Lake

WEE-SA-KAY-JAC AND THE GEESE

Cree-Ojibway

The Cree-Ojibway tribe claim that Wee-sa-kay-jac was a colourful human being. He was able to talk to the animals. However, as great as he was, Wee-sa-kay-jac was sometimes very foolish.

At one particular time Wee-sa-kay-jac came upon a flock of geese. It was a cold, autumn day and the geese were getting ready to fly south for the winter. Out of curiosity, Wee-sa-kay-jac asked if he could go along.

After a brief council, the leader of the flock allowed him to join them. He was given a goose feather suit to wear, and he was given a strict order. "Do not look down when we pass a settlement of hunters who will be shooting at us! Otherwise," concluded the leader, "you'll be hit." "Don't worry about me," answered Wee-sa-kay-jac, "I'll remember."

Following a short ceremony, the geese and our friend Wee-sa-kay-jac began the long trip south. It wasn't long before a village appeared in the distance. Hunters began stirring about. Then - like a summer shower, arrows were flying at them. Wee-sa-kay-jac began wondering about the truth of the warning. Curiosity was getting the better of him. Finally he decided to glance down just for a second.

At that moment he felt a terrible sharp pain in his chest, an arrow had found its mark. His vision was blurry now, his legs felt like stone. Then he was falling down not as a goose, but as a human being.

Below, the hunters saw the wounded goose trying its best to keep up with the others. The hunters raced to the spot where it would fall. However, when they reached the spot, all they saw was Wee-sa-kay-jac running as fast as he possibly could towards the bushes, leaving his feather suit behind him.

Sarah Sawanas - Sandy Lake

WE-SA-KA-JAC AND THE BEAVER

Ojibway - Cree

Long ago there lived a man named We-sa-ka-jac. He was a very bad man. One day he made a journey to tease the beaver of Big Beaver House. It so happened that he passed through Wunnumin Lake.

About one mile from Wunnamin Lake he shouted silly names at the beaver. The beaver were busy building a great dam so they did not bother We-sa-ka-jac. For many days this went on.

Finally one of the beaver could not stand it any longer. He warned We-sa-ka-jac, but he did not take the warning. We-sa-ka-jac knew at last he had made the beaver angry, and he took off as fast as his long legs could carry him.

He tramped the trees down and made a portage near Wunnumin. In his great haste, he dropped his pail. To this day, the people of Wunnumin call the portage "We-sa-ka-jac's Portage". That is why the Indian people call their village Big Beaver House because of the big beaver's dam.

Wunnumin means "Where there ar e many colours" because a long time ago the Indian people used to come there to get colours for their moccasins.

Virginia Beardy - Wunnumin

HOW THE BEAVER GOT ITS FLAT TAIL

Cree-Ojibway

Wee-sa-ki-jac was tall, strong, and wise.

One time he was lifting rocks by a beaver dam when he dropped one. The rock fell on a beaver's tail. It's tail was smashed flat like a pancake.

Wee-sa-ki-jac tried to console the beaver by saying, "Your tail will always be flat for a purpose, to warn the others when danger is near."

So, from that day to now, all beavers have strong, flat tails, for warning each other when danger is near.

Genevieve Beardy - Bearskin

HOW THE YEAR GOT TWELVE MONTHS

Cree

After the Great Flood, the animals of the forest held a meeting to decide how many months there should be in the year.

First the caribou suggested that the hair between his toes should be counted, and that should be the number of months in a year. But most of the animals thought that was too many.

Then the loon suggested that the white spots on his back be counted and that should be the number of months that he wanted. But the frog said that that was too many, and she would not have a chance to get warm through such a long winter.

The others all laughed at her and slapped her, which knocked her over on her back.

As she lay with her legs in the air, one of the animals said, "Let's have pity on our sister." They then counted her fingers and toes, which added up to twelve, and all agreed that that should be the number of months in each year.

And so it was!

Dorothy Cheezo - Eastmain P.Q.

THE LEGEND OF THE OGAR

Cree

Far away in the wilderness, there stands a little hut, all around it are skeletons that are rotting away. This is where the Ogar lived. The Cree Indians called him Ogeeshkwachew which means "something like a cannibal." They were very frightened when they heard his name, because he roamed the forest freely, his only food the Indians and the animals.

One night he was very hungry when he heard the drums and the tum-tum of the dancing. He attached a knife to his belt and set out so hungry that his stomach growled. As he went on, the sound of the drum came nearer and nearer. Finally he hid in a little bush to watch the fire sparkling and the Indians dancing.

Suddenly the Indians heard the voice they most hated. It was saying, "Neminaniwan! Neminaniwan!" (It's time to dance! It's time to dance!)

All the Indians rushed into their teepees except one who was just returning home from hunting moose. He was about to shout he was home when the Ogar grabbed him and stabbed the knife into his back. In a twinkling of an eye he was gone with his victim.

Inside his tent, the Indian chief heard the scream. He ran out with his warriors, and his people, and they all saw the blood on the ground. Then the chief stood at attention, raised his arms and faced the moon.

"It's been many moons," said he, "that Ogeeshkwachew killed our brothers, so now I am going to set out and kill him myself."

With the help of the Great Spirit, the chief changed himself into an ugly Ogar so he would feel Ogeeshkwachew.

THE LEGEND OF THE OGAR (Cont'd)

Ogeeshkwachew was already home boiling his favourite meal, but you know it takes quite a while to cook such a meal, especially when your stomach is growling loudly. However, he heard a knock at the door, and opened it and saw another Ogar. Of course he did not know it was the Indian chief in disguise.

"Welcome," said he, "Supper's almost ready. I am glad you came for a visit, friend."

As he was talking he was stirring with his long knife. But the chief had a very good plan. Ogeeshkwachew was turning around to reach for some lard, when the chief grabbed the knife and killed him right there!

This is the legend of the Ogar, and the Indians surely lived peacefully and happily after the Ogar's death.

Susan Hunter - Winisk

HOW THE ERMINE GOT HIS WHITE COAT

Cree

Many moons ago, across the vast forest of the great valley in Quebec, lived all types of animals including the weasel, or ermine. It was winter, so the ermine roamed the forest looking for food. But, due to his brown fur, all the birds and squirrels saw him and hid.

When winter was gone, the ermine heard of a Grone who lived on the other side of the forest. The grone is one of the little people, and it was said, that he could change the colour of animals to any colour they wanted.

When fall came, the ermine went to where the Grone lived, and asked him if he would change his colour from brown to white.

"What will you do for me in return?" asked the Grone.

"I can kill rats," said the ermine, "and I see that you have many around your house. They must bother you a great deal. If you change my coat to white for the winter, I will kill them all."

The Grone agreed, so the ermine ran around and around the Grone's house until he had got rid of all the rats.

The Grone then took the ermine by the tail and hung him from a nail in the wall and set to work to paint him white all over. But the tip of his tail stayed black where he was hung to dry. And so it remains to this day. In winter, the ermine is white with a black tip to his tail.

Lizzie Whiskeychan
Ruperts House P.Q.

THE THREE SISTERS
Mohawk

Once upon a time very long ago, there were three sisters who lived together in a field.

These sisters were quite different from one another in their size and also in their way of dressing. One of the three was a little sister, so young that she could only crawl at first, and she was dressed in green. The second of the three wore a frock of bright yellow, and she had a way of running off by herself when the sun shone and the soft wind blew in her face. The third was the eldest sister, standing always very straight and tall above the other sisters, and trying to guard them. She wore a pale green shawl and she had long yellow hair that tossed about her head in the breezes.

There was only one way in which the three sisters were alike. They loved one another very dearly and they were never separated. They were sure that they would not be able to live apart.

After a while, a stranger came to the field of the three sisters, a little Indian boy. He was as straight as an arrow and as fearless as the eagle that circled the sky above his head. He knew the way of talking to the birds and the small brothers of the earth, the shrew, the chipmuck and the young foxes. And the three sisters, the one who was just able to crawl, and the one with the flowing hair, were very much interested in the little Indian boy. They watched him fit his arrow in his bow, saw him carve a bowl with his stone knife and wondered where he went at night.

Late in summer of the first coming of the Indian boy to their field, one of the three sisters disappeared. This was the youngest sister in green, the sister who could only creep. She was scarcely able to stand alone in the field unless she had a stick to which she clung. Her sisters mourned for her until the fall, but she did not return.

THE THREE SISTERS (Cont'd)

Once more the Indian boy came to the field of the three sisters. He came to gather reeds at the edge of a stream nearby to make arrow shafts. The two sisters who were left, watched him and gazed with wonder at the prints of his moccasins in the earth that marked his trail.

That night the second of the sisters, the one who was dressed in yellow and who always wanted to run away, disappeared. She left no mark of her going, but it may have been that she set her feet in the moccasin track of the little Indian boy.

Now there was but one of the sisters left. Tall and straight she stood in the field, not once bowing her head with sorrow, but it seemed to her that she could not live there all alone. The days grew shorter and the nights were colder. Her green shawl faded and grew thin and old. Her hair, once long and golden, was tangled by the wind. Day and night she sighed for her sisters to return to her, but they did not hear her. Her voice when she tried to call to them was low and plaintive, like the wind.

But one day when it was the season of the harvest, the little Indian boy heard the crying of the third sister who had been left to mourn there in the field. He felt sorry for her, and he took her in his arms and carried her to the lodge of his father and mother. Oh, what a surprise awaited her there! Her two lost sisters were there in the lodge of the little Indian boy, safe and very glad to see her. They had been furious about the Indian boy and they had gone home with him to see how and where he lived. They had liked his warm cave so well that they had decided now that winter was coming on to stay with him. And they were doing all they could to be useful.

THE THREE SISTERS (Cont'd)

The little sister in green, now quite grown up, was helping to keep the dinner pot full. The sister in yellow sat on the shelf drying herself, for she planned to fill the dinner pot later. The third sister joined them, ready to grind meal for the Indian boy. And the three were never separated again.

Every child of today knows these sisters and needs them just as much as the little Indian boy did. For the little sister in green is the bean. Her sister in yellow is the squash, and the elder sister with long flowing hair of yellow and the green shawl is the corn.

Lois Thomas - Cornwall Island

HOW STRAWBERRIES CAME TO THE EARTH

Mohawk

Once upon a time when the world was new, a little Indian boy had a sister whom he loved very much. They played together, learned to shoot straight, gathered shells along the shores of the rivers and lakes, made necklaces and wampum belts, and learned the language of the forest.

But there came a day when the children had a quarrel. It started as most quarrels do, about a very small matter, but this brother and sister parted in anger on the edge of the village. In anger, the little Indian girl ran as fast as she could towards the east where she knew the Great Sun lived. In equal anger, her brother started toward the west, but he soon changed his mind and turned to follow his sister. As she had had several days' start, he was not able to catch up with her, although he pursued her for many moons.

At last this little Indian girl reached the Sunrise Place, where the Sun stretched down until he touched the Earth and took on the form of a man. She found the Sun dressed in such shining clothes, and wearing so bright a crown that she was dazzled by the splendour. As the Sun spoke to her, she knew that he had seen the quarrel which had sent this child so far from her home village.

"Would you like to see your brother again?" asked the Sun. She told him that she would like to very much. So the Sun told her to turn back towards home, and travel towards the west where she had left him.

On the way a multitude of berries began to spring up at the side of the path - first the shoots, then the flowering branches, and at last the berries themselves, hanging ripe in the warm summer air. First she came to a bush of the finest ripe blueberries. They were large, sweet, and growing thickly on low branches within her reach. But the little girl could think of nothing but her wish to find her brother. So she passed the blueberries without picking one.

HOW STRAWBERRIES CAME TO THE EARTH (Cont'd)

When she had gone a little further, she came to a bush of fat, ripe blackberries. They were as large as her thumb, and the bush was covered with them. They would have made a fine dinner, but still she went on, not once stopping to think of her hunger.

More berries sprang up in her path, wild plums, low hanging bunches of ripe grapes, and cherries - delightful fruits that she had never seen before. They were touched by the Sun with bright colours; the air was sweet with their fragrance, but she passed them all.

Suddenly something brighter and sweeter than any of the others met her sight. They were berries with a rich crimson colour. They grew close to her feet, and she was not able to resist them. She wanted to gather them for her brother as a gift to make up for their silly quarrel.

The little girl knelt down to the earth and gathered the berries in her hands. As she did so, the strawberries grew in size until she could scarcely hold them. When she looked up her brother stood before her, brought there by the kind wish that had led him to her, just as the Sun had planned.

Ever since that time strawberries have been used by the Indians to bring peace to families that have quarreled, as they healed the quarrel between the little Indian brother and sister.

Lois Thomas - Cornwall Island

NANABOZHO INVENTS A PIPE

Ojibway

In many tongues a legend is told by different tribes of Indians. This legend was told by an Ojibway in his tongue.

It began on the day of October when the leaves were falling from the trees, that Nanabozho was taking a walk along a shore when he began to get hungry. He gazed out to the waters and noticed a few geese that he decided to trick into coming in to shore. He killed most of the geese by wringing their necks one by one. He built a fire, placed the geese in mud and buried them in coals to roast, with only their feet sticking out.

By this time Nanabozho was getting tired and took a nap. While he was still asleep, some boys from another camp crept up and stole Nanabozho's geese.

When Nanabozho awoke he was very hungry and began pulling out one leg after another, but he found nothing but bones. He was furious.

He then decided to build a big fire to warm himself for he was still very hungry, he gathered some brown lichen and mixed it with the bark of the red willow to make the first kinni-kinnick. Some fell on the fire and it made such a pleasing aroma that it gave Nanabozho an idea.

He shaped a bowl from some clay, leaving a hole in the side, baked it in the fire until it was hard. Then he inserted a hollow reed in the hole. In this way he made the first pipe. He packed the kinni-kinnick into the pipe and lit it. He sat down and smoked his pipe. He enjoyed it so much that he forgot his hunger and even his anger.

Madeline Michael
Shubenacadie, N.S.

OUR GREAT CHIEF ABAUNOU

Micmac

Once upon a time there was a Micmac chief, who was very powerful and very proud. His name was Abaunou. His people honoured him and believed everything he told them. When he said it was time to move on, they just packed their things and didn't ask why or where they were going.

For a long time Abaunou lived peacefully with his people. Then the white settlers came and tried to steal the Micmac's meat and furs. Abaunou said he would go and ask the settlersto leave the Indians in peace. But when they saw Abaunou coming, the settlers tried to capture him and tie him up. But Abaunou was too strong for them and none of them could hold him down.

Then the captain of the settlers told his men to shoot the Indian chief. But the chief just shook his body and the bullets fell harmless to the ground.

This frightened the settlers so much that they fled into the woods and never bothered the Micmacs again as long as Abaunou lived.

But the chief knew he was getting old, and it would soon be time for him to leave his people. As he was closing his eyes his people gathered around him. He told them that he was only sleeping, and if the white settlers ever bothered them again they were to wake him and he would come to help them.

So until today, Abaunou is still sleeping, ready to wake up if any white settlers try to move onto his reservation.

Sarah Denny - Eskasoni, N.S.

THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN SYRUP

Micmac

One day Be-ail asked his grandfather, "Why is there syrup in the maple trees?"

The old chief answered:

A long time ago before a white man came to this land, there lived a great chief named Glooscap, who had magic powers. Glooscap had a grandmother of whom he thought a great deal. She was called Mug-gu-lyn.

Glooscap's enemies, the evil ones, wanted to injure him and so they planned to kill Mug-gu-lyn.

It happened that a flying squirrel was passing by and heard the evil ones' plot. The squirrel went to Glooscap and told him what he had heard. He also told Glooscap of the safest place for Mug-gu-lyn to hide which was on the other side of a mighty falls.

But the evil ones have ways of finding out things and they learned where Mug-gu-lyn was hiding. They then set out to catch her. When they reached the falls, they found the hills on the other side red with fire, so they turned back thinking Mug-gu-lyn was burned to death.

But it happened that it was the fall of the year and maple leaves were blazed with colour which fooled the evil ones.

When Glooscap heard about the role the maple leaves played in saving Mug-gu-lyn, he rewarded them by making a sap within the trees so they would grow sweet.

From that day on, maple trees have been a source of value to men by producing maple syrup.

Norma Jean Levi - Eskasoni, N.S.